The Washington Times (Every Day in the Year)

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WASHINGTON D. C. APRIL 1, 1894.

Five dollars reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any one caught taking Tue Trees from the door of any subscriber.

Weather Indications for To-day.

District of Columbia and Maryland—Partly sloudy, warm, southwest winds; cooler Sun-

Virginia-Fair, southwest winds.

The little four-page daily,

many think, Is just as good as the bigger eight-page paper. It certainly prints the news, the story, the for women.

A lively paper is the daily.

TRY IT TO-MORROW.

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PREACHING DOESN'T GO. The day of the didactic, dogmatic, preach-

ing editorial article is gone by. THE TIMES wants none of it if it knows it. It will have none. It will express its views. If they are wise and earnest and sincere they will carry weight. They will not be solemn; they will not be red-hot-not very often; but when they are, look out. THE TIMES isn't anxious to use its club, but it has one.

LAND MONOPOLIES.

There is only one genera MEMBER OF artificial condition at all capable of bringing about Congress FROM industrial depressions that

to which they have extended and throughout the whole period during which the world has en afflicted with industrial depressions. That cause is the private monopoly of land, the only source from which labor and capita can produce wealth; the only foundation upon which industry and commerce can prosecute the production and exchange of wealth. This monopoly centrol of the natural resources and of the exclusive means of wealth production has enabled the monopolists to absolutely control production and to exact from labor and capital everywhere s share in the distribution of the wealth which labor and capital have produced, measured and limited only by the avarice of the mo-

With this power in the hands of the land-owning class, with no limit to its exaction of ground rents and royalties from industry, save its own avarice, there is a constant temptation and tendency on the part of the owners of land to take a larger share of the results of industry and commerce than labor and capital can possibly afford to pay, thus making production and exchange unprofitslile to labor and capital and causing produc

tion and exchange to cease for the time being. To illustrate this pressure of ground rent against production, let us suppose that a given piece of land, no matter whether it be for agriculture, or pasture, or manufactures or commerce, has a productive capacity of 12; that the cost of capital used in the production is 4, and the cost of labor 4, leaving a margin

of 4 over the cost of production. This margin the landlord (or the com munity) may take without in any way inter fering with production. Taking the margin

leaves the cost of production unimpaired. But suppose that the landlord, in order to make his land "pay decent interest on its value," should demand flye parts, instead of four, as rent. What effect would that arbitrary increase of rent have upon labor and

It would immediately make production unprofitable to them, notwithstanding the fact that the location would naturally yield a large margin over the cost of production. The landlords occupying the controlling position, capital and labor can do nothing City Editor: EMORY POSTER. but submit (and fight among themsives) until the landlord exactions become unbearable, and then production ceases until either a reduction of ground rents or an increase in the natural margin of production, resulting from ventions or other enuses, enables labor and capital to resume production at a profit.

The checking of production by this pres sure at one point lessens the demand for pro duction at other points until finally the whole network of our industrial and commercia system becomes paralyzed, involved in an "industrial depression." This is the true cause of industrial depressions,

Every check given to industry lowers its margin of production, and ground rent, which is properly the margin of production only, should fall with that margin, but it does not so fall. It rises with every tide of prosperity and it follows prosperity to its highest point, but it does not fall when prosperity ceases. It continues its exactions until labor and capital have become practically bankrupt, and then it falls only to give the vic tims of land monopoly another chance to provide themselves with means to pay further

The single tax in its unlimited application would take for public use the exact margin of production, taking a share of production small enough to leave labor and capital their full rewards, but large enough to make monopoly at all times profitable,

JAMES G. MAGUIRE.

WATCH THE ROLL-CALLS.

In one of its earliest numbers THE TIMES called attention to the fact that Congressand the country, in reality-was simply "held up" by the sugar trust, which, once mastering the whisky trust, kept the tariff bill in committee until it should come out in a form to suit the sugar trust. Our news columns this morning disclose some of the facts touching the much discussed "deal" by which this illicit condition had been brought about. country, in reality-are as much in the grasp of this monopoly as ever. They seem to be more so, as the promoters of this active and powerful of present-time monopolies purpose raising, if possible, the rate of duty upon refined sugar right in the face of the gathered protests of the people, who desire the duty swept away. But a reckoning may come. These alliances may be ferreted out in detail and exposed. Roll calls of Congress may be watched. The people may yet know what is actually passing in Congress and in the lobbles of the Capitol.

HITS-OR MISSES.

Again Gen. Black would like us to understand that the Illinois Senatorship is after him like everything.

Pollard. Zella has already made her contract. Some day the Republicans will be turning around and saying to Senator Stewart that he is another.

nuleted in \$25,000 it was thought that he would take all of his money with him when he

Rankin Rossell is desired by his mamma to

Zoia regards Count Tolstol as the greatest modern genius.

ells doesn't pretend to read balf of her husband's novels that the novelist pretends to write twice as much as Mrs. Howells reads. Gen. Charles Tracey is easily the Lord Roseberry of the House.

The New York Recorder remarks that Mr. Cleveland cannot pass his bond scheme over the veto of the silver majority in Congress.

Secretary Morton evidently thinks that so long as he doesn't permit the Agricultural Department to make any rain he will not be obliged to come in out of the wet,

If Tommy Reed will put his right hand up like a polite little man, Teacher Crisp will doubtless let him talk again.

I don't think I will take any more absinthe rappe in mine.—Governor Tillman,

Never mind about Mr. Bland; he's all right. There is yet a chance for Paramount Blount. The New York Mail and Express finally quelches the brilliant young leader of the New York city Republicans by calling him Coxey Milholland.

It was a wise and far-seeing thing that the pretty factory girls from New England staid away from the Breckinridge trial.

At the Americus Club dinner at Pittsburg on the 27th of April Mr. Reed will be allowed to walk down the aisle and talk as long as he chooses. Doubtless he can mount the table Kentucky also enjoys the recent honor of

destroying the myth touching the manufacture of sausages out of the bow-wows that our daddies won't buy us.

Mr. Quigg has not yet decided that it would be inexpedient for him to run for governor of New York.

The newspaper cuts of Speaker Crisp and of various other persons who are sometimes thought, in the hurry of newspaper offices, to represent Speaker Crisp have had another

The task of elevating the English peerage will be too much even for May Yohe, we

Russell Sage has failed to vindicate the loston word for troupers.

Keep at it, Mr. Bangs, you may yet succeed in politics. I have.—Richard Watson Gilder. newspaper reporters "argus-eyed demons of hell." Mr. Browne must have been described

Two Views of One Woman.
[From the Atchison Globe.]
Mrs. Breckinridge tells her friends that her nusband is the victim of blackmail and that she loves him more than ever, his troubles having endeared him to her. This will be a great surprise to Col. Breckin-ridge, who hears a different story when they are alone.

Suggested Motto For the Times.
"Speak thy thought if thou believed it,
"Let it jostle whom it may,
"Een although the foolish scorn it, "And the obstinate gainsay, "Every seed that grows to-more

CLOAK ROOM AND GALLERY.

The past week has probably brought about more general study of the rules of the ouse than any week this session or any other since the days of the Fifty-first Congrees, now famous in American parliament ary history. The obstructionists on the floor have been for the most part the members of the House Committee on Rules, but this corps of parliamentary fighters is constantly ing recruits from among the ranks. At least half a dozen other members on both sides of the House spend half their time in thumbing the marbled-edged copies of the rules trying to find some opportunity to mark them out as brilliant men. One of the most ing features of the closing days of the amusing features of the closing days of the week was to observe how, when Mr. Crisp was offered the Georgia Senatorship, each member who had a Speakership bee in his cap, endeavored to show his qualifications for the office. It wouldn't do perhaps to mention names, but the list was a fairly long one.

Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, has been one of the active filibusterers, using his knowledge of parliamentary proceedings to embarrass the Speaker as much as possible, But Mr. Boutelle objects to what he calls Mr. Crisp's "noisiness" in the Chair. He declares that if "noisiness" in the Chair. He declares that if there was less pounding on the desk there would be more quiet on the floor, and instances Mr. Blaine's conduct while in the Chair. "I remember seeing the gavel which Mr. Blaine used just after it was given to him on his leaving the Speakership," said Mr. Boutelle yesterday, "and I noticed that a plece of the mallet had been chipped off. I commented on the fact to Mr. Blaine, and he said: 'I didn't do that. One time I gave up the Chair for half an hour and when I came back the chip had been knocked off.' I knew then it was the work of an inexperienced man."

The following story is going the rounds inally told by Vice President Stevenson at a recent dinner. In a Kentucky town where Joe was going to speak there was a hanging set for the same afternoon. Joe's arrival set for the same afternoon. Joe's arrival was heralded abroad, and a large crowd was on hand to hear the words of wiedom and of eloquence which always flow from a Kentuckian's lips. Finally the speaker arrived. The hanging was a side-show, and for the moment was forgotten in the anxiety to hear the famous orator. But it was not forgotten long. The condemned man suddenly interposed: "Mr. Ha gman," he said, "if I remember right, I was seatenced to be hung. member right, I was sentenced to be hung, not to hear Joe Blackburn speak. I request that you go on with the hanging."

This is a little like the story Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, gets off on Justice The two branches of Congress-and the Brown, his colleague and classmate at Yale in the class of 1856-Depew's class, by the way. According to Mr. Brewer, Mr. Brown was one time trying a case in the Michigan circuit and time trying a case in the Michigan circuit and had made himself quite conspicuous for the number and harassing character of his objections to the admission of evidence, which were just as frequently overruled by the judge. At the end of the trial the decision in the case was in Mr. Brown's favor. He did not hear the words of the court and had to turn to the opposing counsel for the result. The answer, according to Judge Brewer, came not loud enough for everyone in the court to hear. "Oh, the judge only said he would rather give you the case than to hear you talk any longer."

Col. Redstone, the Coxey representative at this end of the anabasis of the road maker, has been trying to make a convert of "Buck" Kilgore. "He told me yesterday," said the Texan, "that if I would only use this opportunity to make myself famous, I would become the President of the United States." "What did you tell him," I asked. "I told him that I had not four years to waste in that way," was the answer. I suggested that the coionel offer the place to some one else.

fun as a eulogy over a deceased member of Congress but for an untrammeled and unrestrained poetical flight the efforts of Con-gressmen Morse in the O'Neill eulogy yes-The New York Reform Club breathes easier.

Mr. Breckinridge is not half so wicked as Russell Sage, and it is to be inferred that his trial will cost him twice as much.

It is not so very strange that the Bob Ingersoil eigar draws well and burns well.

Bankin Research is a supersoil of Congressmen Morse in the O'Neill eulogy yesterday were quite unequaled. He quoted from the Last Rose of Summer; then by a detectors sur he manage to use a piece of Thanntopsis. In an instant came a verse from Gray's Elegy; the Psaim of Life and verses from three hymns followed. The eulogy might properly be termed "Hours with the Best Authors."

and he never tires of it. A man who knows him well told me the other day that at least half a dozen times has he heard the big The Newport News is the wisest journal on this continent. It says that the man who doesn't read the advertisements in his local newspaper is ignorant of half that is going on in the world.

It is not to be inferred because Mrs. Howells doesn't pretend to read half of her husself and the capitol. After he finished he strolled out on the terrace and looked away in a reverie toward the great silent sentinel that seems to stand guard over the city. Reed draws inspiration every time he gazes at it, and he is almost as imperturbable as it is.

There is a hitch over the settlement of the Boatner Pacific rallway resolution owing to the failure to bring about an understanding the failure to bring about an understanding between the House Judiciary and Pacific Railways Committees. A proposal had been made by the latter committee that the question be again referred to the Speaker and that both committees abide by his decision. Mr. Boatner, who is a member of both committees, made an effort to secure assent to the proposal, but several members of the Judiciary Committee were unwilling to run the risk of having the question go to the Pacific Railways Committee by any chance, owing to the fact that legal questions would certainly be raised. Then came rumors of disagreement in the Pacific Railways Committee, and it is understood now that the whole question is as unsettled as before the reference of the resolution.

if Levi P. Morton did not say may the nomina tion for governor would be tendered to him by the Republican state convention. It was deemed best to communicate with Mr. Mor-ton, who has been now for some months in Paris. His intimate friends had great doubt of his desire or his capacity ever to enter public life again. It was known that he had gons to Paris for surgical treatment. A trouble-some complaint had appeared in one of his feet. There was anxiety lest it should be defeet. There was anxiety lest it should be developed that the trouble was gangrene. The operation was performed, and with immediate success, but it involved the removal of four toes, and also the necessity of absolute quiet on Mr. Morton's part. While convalessing from the operation Mr. Morton took the opportunity to reply to the letters sent him, asking whether he would permit his friends to bring forward his name at the state convention. That reply I saw this morning. One paragraph of the letter is all that is necessary to quote. Mr. Morton says: "It would be impossible for me to accept the nomination, even if it were tendered to me by the state convention." That, of course, must be taken as final, and is so taken.

Alive After a Fall of 250 Feet. [From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.] Pirrsron, Pa., March 27.—James Gallagher, Providence miner, fell down the shaft of the Leggett's Creek mine, a distance of 250 feet, and, strange to say, still lives. The feet, and, strange to say, still lives. The most remarkable fact connected with the accident, however, is that, instead of being crushed into an unrecognizable mass, as one would suppose would have been the case, not a single bone was broken, although he was seriously bruised, sustaining a severe scalp wound from coming in contact with the side of the shaft, fogether with other injuries. It is the opinion of the attending physician that Mr. Gallagher will in time recover from the effects of his wonderful fall.

Racing 8,000 Miles at Sea.
[From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.] The sealing schooners Altie I. Algar and Henry Dennis, owned by J. C. Nixon, have been heard from, Mr. Nixon having yesterday received letters from Capts. Webster and Miner. The letters were written from Port Lloyd, Bonin Islands, where both vessels arrived February 8, the Dennis dropping anchor just three hours after the Algar. Be-fore the schooners left here some of the hunters put \$200 into a pot for the one which made the shortest time from Cane Fisters to

17 and the Dennis December 24. The former's sailing time across the Pacific was forty-seven days and the Dennis' forty-three days. The Algar lost four days at Honolulu, but this cannot be counted out. Mr. Nixon thinks it remarkable that two vessels should race 8,000 miles and be so close together at the finish. He also thinks it the longest race on record.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

Neither of the Missouri Senators has been on intimate terms with Mr. Cleveland since never refers to him when he can avoid it. The Senator made a speech on the Hawalian covert attack upon him, and it has irritated him greatly. The party in Missouri has been badly split; the President's policy has been condemned. It is now in a worse condition than ever. No anti-Cleveland man has been able to secure an appointment. The recent ap-pointment of Clay C. McDonald as surveyor of the port of St. Joseph is especially resented pointment of Clay C. McDonald as surveyor of the port of St. Joseph is especially resented by the Missouri delegation. Every member backed another man, but as he was known not to be in sympathy with the President's financial policy, he was rudely turned down. Some of the Missouri delegation are now declaring that they will never again enter the White House while Mr. Cleveland occupies it.

Senator Turple is very anxious to push the consideration of his resolution touching in Hawalian matters by a foreign power will be regarded as hostile to this gov-ernment and will be resisted. The Senator believes in annexation, and failing that, this government should not permit any other nation to gain a foothold in the islands. Mr. Turple wants the resolution considered be-fore the tariff bill is taken up, and earnestly insists that a crisis is imminent and that de-

A few days ago an Indiana Democrat came to this town looking after a consular appointment, for which he had been an applicant for some time. Some of his hoosier friends some time. Some of his hoosier friends called upon him. The President became the tople of conversation. All joined in calling the President hard names. The new arrival, with his weather eye fixed on the expected appointment, said it would be impossible to make him believe that Mr. Cleveland was not better than his party. The announcement of the veto of the Bland bill came on the afternoon when he was informed that he had been turned down for the consulate. That evening he was the loudest and most vindictive of all who were denouncing the veto as a death blow to the party and declaring that Cleveland never had been a Democrat. Two vetoes in one day were too much for the disappointed hoosier.

The reverberation of the McKinley boom has spurred Senator Cullom to looking a little after his chances. The Senator had something of a boom of his own in 1892; but after working it up to a certain volume withdrew his name in favor of Mr. Harrison, and succeeded in giving Mr. Harrison the Illinois delegation at Minneapolis. Many of those opposed to the renomination of Mr. Harrison thought that if Mr. Cuilom had remained on thought that if Mr. Cullom had remained on the track Mr. Blaine would surely have been the successful candidate. The Senator is of the same opinion, and he feels now that the friends of Gen. Harrison should requite him for the service rendered to their chief in his time of need. He is not at all pleased with the reports that Harrison's friends are quietly booming Robert Linsoln. The Senator and his friends believe Harrison's triends are quietly booming Robert Lincoln. The Senator and his friends believe that he would be especially strong with the farming element, and that with him at the head of the ticket Illinois will again be cer-tain for the Republicans. They also believe that the Democratic candidate will be taken from the sucker state.

THE SPARE MR. WILSON.

Hon, Jere Wilson, the leading attorney for Miss Pollard, was a resident of Indiana in 1870, enjoying a fair law practice, but never ning of national fame. That year a hot fight was waged in his congressional district for the Republican nomination, George W. for the Republican nomination. George W. Julian was the Representative, but he had alienated his party and it was determined to defeat his renomination. Gen. Soi Meredith was an opposing candidate, and some time before the convention horsewhipped Julian at a railroad station.

This political contest was so bitter that the party leaders sought a candidate among those who had not been actively mixed up in the faction fight. Jero Wilson was selected. His opponent was David Gooding, who had been marshal of the District of Columbia large man with a voice like a fogborn. Mr. Mison went in with a roce are a lognom. Ar. Wison was more spare even than he is now. Gooding was one of those stump orators who "take" with the farmers. Mr. Wilson refused a joint canvass; Gooding was too domineering. The election was very hard fought; Wilson went in with a margin of four votes. Gooding contested the search by unavailable. Gooding contested the seat, but unavailingly.

The two were renominated two years later, and Wilson went upon the stump and amazed himself and his friends by his ability. This time he was elected by several hundred ma-jority. During that term he was a member of the Judiciary Committee and chairman of the Committee on the District. District matters were in bad shape, and his energy, fair mindedness, and liberality won him a host of

But the legislature of Indiana redistricted the state and put him in a hopelessly Democratic district. He thought his career practically ended. There was no chance for him to get back to Congress, and at the end of his term he packed up his belongings and prepared to go back to his home again to enter the practice of law. One morning Judge Shellabarger met him in his hopel and exceedible when he averaged to leave Mr. Morton's Declination.

["Holland" in Fhiladelphia Frees.]

Early in the Winter it was the general understanding among Republican leaders that if Levi P. Morton did not say may the nomina-

The idea struck Jere Wilson favorably. In less than ten minutes they were out upon the street looking for an office. Since then the firm has been energed in many of the most been tried in the District of Columbia,

In the April number of the Century, Mr. John G. Nicolay writes of "Lincoln's literary experiments," and quotes a poem written by the President in his young manhood. In a letter factoring the poem to a friend. Lincoln explains that the verses were written 1844, when he visited the neighborhood in which he was raised, on a stumping tour: Here are the opening stanzas:

My childhood's home I see again, And sadden with the view, And still, as memory crowds my brain, There's pleasure in it, too.

O memory thou midway world Twixt earth and paradise, Where things decayed and loved ones lost In dreamy shadows rise. And, freed from all that's earthly vile, Seem hallowed, pure and bright, Like scenes in some enchanted isle All bathed in liquid light.

Not Enough Trees for All. [San Francisco Argonaut.] During the late war a regiment of volunteers was posted along the front in heavy timber. As soon as the firing began in earnest, a recruit limped off to the rear, but soon struck a gait that would have made Maud S. tremble for her record. He was halted in his flight, and when asked what was the matter, said, "I just couldn't stand out there in the open all by myself." He was asken why he did not get behind a tree. He was puzzled a moment, and then said, "There ain't only enough for the officers."

[From the Electrical World.]
An Ohio inventor has just patented an effective auxiliary telephone, which is designed to be used in connection with sub-etations. The auxiliary consists of a specially constructed chair. The back of the chair is so made that it will act as a transmitter, so that a conversation may be carried on with perfect eass while the operator is seated in the chair. The principle on which this patent operates is the vibrations produced in the body of the speaker, which are transmitted to the chair

manner. This chair telephone is so demanner. This chair the chair will answer the purpose of an ordinary office chair. Mr. McKelvey, the inventor, chair. Mr. McKelvey, the inventor, with a chair. Mr. McKelvey, the inventor, is now making experiments with a view of putting this attachment to any ordinary chair now in use. In devising this telephone Mr. McKelvey has departed from the usual paths followed by inventors, and has proceeded along new lines, employing a bipole non-metallic diaphragm in the receiver, a compound induction coil of which is connected in series, and an amplylying magnet located immediately behind the diaphragm in the transmitter. This telephone has been successfully worked over 115 miles of telegraph wire with earth return, and it is believed that when further experiments are made a distance much greater than this can be successfully worked.

AS THE CROWDS COME OUT.

London dispatches now printed abso lutely deny, from Mary Yohe herself, that she is married to Lord Hope. We must still have no doubts about it though, for Miss Yohe is one of the stage women with histories who would just as leave do such foolish things as marry English lords, Miss Yohe made her first appearance on Nohe made her first appearance on the stage, if I remember rightly, in 1886, during the phenomenal run of the "Little Tycoon" at the Temple theater in Philadelphia, taking the soubrette part of Dolly Dimple. She was then about 18. Before that her father had removed to Philadelphia from somewhere in the late sixties and established a roadhouse on the outskirts of the city, which became a favorite resort for sporting people. Later, just before the centennial celebration, he established a hotel on Chestnut street, which was quite successful while the crowds lasted, but afterward failed. There Miss Yohes' father died along about while the crowds lasted, but afterward failed. There Miss Yohes' father died along about 1880, and her mother supported herself and child by dressmaking. When the pretty little woman with coal black eyes (which she knew how to use effectively) and the phenomenal contraits voice went on the stage in the "Little Tycoon" her mother stopped in the "Little Tycoon" her mother stopped in the "Little Tycoon" her mother stopped in the stopped in the "Little Tycoon" her mother stopped in the stopped in the

A wealthy Philadelphia society woman took an interest in Miss Yoke and her voice and secured her the position. About a year later the pretty young woman secured her first important engagement as Prince Prettywitz in David Henderson's big Chicago production of the Crystal Slipper. It was while
playing in Chicago that Miss Yohe began, so
far as is known, the funny escapades that
have made her famous. One night she failed to
appear for her performance, and it was soon
learned that she had eloped with a millionaire
Milwaukee brewer. She was found in Buffailo and persuaded to return to Chicago.
That wicked city greeted her with crowded
houses. One of her devoted admirers years
ago was John Mason, the actor, better known
as Jack Mason, now the husband of Marion
Manola. It was for a time thought that Miss
Yohe and Mason were married, but subsequent events proved this supposition untrue.
Subsequently May appeared in "Natural
Gas" at the New York Casino. She
did not remain long with any one company. first important engagement as Prince Pretty-Gas" at the New York Casino. She did not remain long with any one company. She went to Australia. When she returned she had on her train a Mr. Williams, of sporting proclivities, to whom it was also incorrectly reported that she was married. A few seasons ago she went to London, where she made a hit in comic opera, and met Lord Hope. Over in London she has had a good time with Lord Hope and others. Hope was her particular favorite. She is certainly in love with him.

Chauneav Olcott is coming to the Academy.

Chauncey Olcott is coming to the Academy this week in the play of "Mayourneen." Mr. Olcott takes the place of Mr. Scanlan in the part of Terence Dwyer in this nearly the best of the Irish dramas. The New York Herald says of Mr. Olcott that Mr. Pitou is to be congratulated on his good judgment in making the change from Scanlan, and that Olcott has a strong, melodious, and sonorous voice, a rich brogue, and a true Irishman's effectiveness in love-making.

An English playwright has utilized with ffeet the pendulum motif of Poe's story of "The Pit and the Penduium." The fitle of his play is "A White Devil," and the villain of the piece is a Dr. Leyton, a morphomaniac, This unscrupulous person, not content with This unscrupulous person, not content with giving the heroine a hyperdermic injection of morphia by placing her body on the demonstration table of a hospital mortuary, contrives in the last act a plan which he thinks will rid him for good of a woman once too dear. So he inveigles her into his laboratory, which is situated in a cellar, and binds her on the floor immediately beneath a diabolical instrument of destruction. He has suscended from the destruction. He has suspended from the ceiling a pendulum weighted with a huge semicircular knife with machinery so arranged that the blade of the knife approaches nearer to the prostrate woman with each sweep to the prostrate woman with each sweep of the pendulum. Of course, just as the last fell sweep is commencing, help arrives, and the morphomaniae doctor becomes a gibbering idiot.

Sousa, our own Sousa, now at the California Midwinter Fair with his band, is writing a light opera, which has been bought withou inspection by De Wolf Hopper. If he writes a march equal to "The High School Cadets" it will carry a whole opera, but be sure there will be other pleasing things in this opera, bright chipper songs, and voluptuous waltzes.

Town Topies, with its usual cynicism, says that "Utopia Limited" is a dismal failure, and that Gilbert and Sullivan are, "to plainly, written out," which is sad at

comparatively early ages. One of the three short pieces that Mr. Morris is bringing for the programme of the first nights of the week is "The Vagabond." This little play, full of pathos and love delicately blended into an artistic whole, was suggested whom a similar incident occurred, Maj. Gen. Henry A. Barnum. Gen. Barnum was wounded at Malvern Hill during the war. He was thought to be dead for two years. After the war he finally found a slab at Har-rison's Landing on the James river:

> MAJOR GENERAL HENRY A. BARNUM, Killed at July 1, 1982

In the play the soldier comes back after eighteen years. He is a vagabond, a tramp, ragged, and without money. Everyone refuses to recognize him. He is pedding artists' supplies. He offers his wares in a studio, in which he discovers his daughter sitting for her picture to the artist and in love with him. He goes away out into the world of his wanderines seam without disclosing his his wanderings again without disclosing his

"Moses, the other of the three plays for to-morrow night, that has never been seen here, is a broadly humorous comedy-farce without vulgarity. Mr. Moses, the principal character, is a cockney Jew.

Mr. Robson's intensely humorous com edy, "Leap Year," was recited last night for the only time during his engagement. It seems to me that his company were much better suited to parts in the modern play, and that it was in every way a most enjoy-able performance. Mrs. Robson's Irish brogue is delicious, and her proposal to Mr. Robson is an evenings enjoyment.

Cur ous Sorts of Things. In South America rain frequently falls orrents from a clear sky.

The largest apes have sixteen ounces brain; the lowest order of men thirty-nine. The earth's lowest body of water is the Cas-pian sea, which has been sinking for cen-

W. S. Bagley has been justice of the p of the Wildent district, Forsyth county, for fifty-six consecutive years. Guinea is almost a perfect represe miniature of a boa constrictor.

posite Albany. It was built in 1642.

In Louisville, Ky., last week one colored man shot another who had refused to remove a red necktite he insisted upon wearing, though about to act as pallbearer at a funeral

CORRIDOR AND CURB.

If it is true, as reported, that Hon. To Johnson, of Cleveland, is a candidate for president of the Lehigh Valley road, he will tainments. I have been told that the Lehigh Valley actually has more property than the Pennsylvania. It owns not merely its hundreds of miles of railroad, but it has almost illimitable coal fields, steamship lines, the immense plant at Steelton, and it has almost no end of business and political influence. Postmaster General Bissell has been for years its attorney at Buffalo, which is an important center for the road, and Hon. Garrett Hobart, of Paterson, one of the two or three most prominent Republicans of New Jersey, is counsel for the road in that state. It would surely seem to be an enterprise worthy of the attention of Hon. Tom Johnson, of Cleveland.

Perry Heath, the general manager of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, is back in own again, hurrying about straightening hi newspaper affairs out and preparing to tak charge in Cincinnati on April 9. His Indian charge in Cincinnati on April 9. His Indian-apolis news work will be done by Mr. Louis Garthe, now Baltimore American man at this capital, and one of the famous syndicate of correspondents, Garthe, Heath, Wynne, and Howland, who send out lurid inside dis-patches intended to solve any tariff or finan-cial situation that may arise on any given afternoon, and incidentally to tear the sus-penders off the back of the Democratic party.

I notice Hon. Albert Daggett at the Arling ton now looking stout and contented with his elevated at a prosperous angle, a smile wreathing his very knowing countenance wreathing his very knowing countenance, and his conversation dripping with the experiences and wittleisms of a generation of inside political life. Mr. Daggett is lately remembered as the manufacturer of the best postal cards furnished by the Post Office Department in recent years. The new contractor furnishes poor ones. This is not the record which common fame has given to the case, but it is true. The Daggett postal cards were good; the present ones are poor.

Hon, Albert Daggett knows more inside colitical history probably than could be rowded into six duodecimo volumes. He was private secretary to Seward in the State Department in war times. He knows all bout Albany, was present there, in fact, when about Albany, was present there, in fact, when Conkling and Platt were not vindicated and when Hon. Levi P. Morton was not vindicated, but when the undesirable Hiscock slipped in. Mr. Daggett has been sheriff of Kings county and he has run a paper in Brooklyn—these two diversions not at the same time, however. It would have been a convenient thing possibly, as Mr. Daggett, in his capacity as sheriff, would have formed an attachment for Mr. Daggett's property as a newspaper proprietor Daggett's property as a newspaper proprietor which would not have been irksome to that journal. Mr. Daggett possesses to this day the only scheme which may always be depended upon to carry Kings county for the Republicans. Benjamin F. Tracey isn't in it at all with Mr. Daggett. To have heard the silver men talk during

the last few days was to have believed that a free-coinage bill, and certainly the seigniorage bill, might easily be passed over the President's veto, but, as in all such cases, they are gradually cooling off. Their deter-mined ardor to pass a free-coinage bill, how-ever, has not been dampened. Good men predict that they will do it, and some insist that such a measure could be enacted in spite of Mr. Cieveland's well-known antipathy to

Hon. Marcus Daly, of Butte, Mon., is in town. By the way, he is one of the richest, gamiest, and most sapient of all the silver leaders of the bounding West. For the very reason that the prospect of silver legislation may be poor so long as Mr. Cleveland flattens out the cushion of the chair of the chief executive, cushion of the chair of the chief executive, Mr. Daiy believes in organizing, agitating, educating; and if he has any money at all, depend upon it he is just the kind of a man to keep it up. He is a Democrat, but he is also a silver man, devoted to the interests of Montrees.

Frank Hurd is in town, the gentleman who hardly half a dozen short years ago was thrown down and dragged out of Congress because he was a free trader. Now, what a change! A large majority of Democrats are not simply free traders, but they protest openly that they are, and they win and keep winning along that line. Frank Hurd was the pioneer, He led the way. Moreover, Mr. Hurd thinks of subscribing for The Traces, daily and Sunday, and having it mailed daily and Sunday to his home in To-

"The case of Mr. Breckinridge," said the me of the soldier who was blown to pieces by an explosion of dynamite. A sympathetic comrade telegraphed the sad news to the soldier's widow. She replied by wire that the remains should be sent on to her. There was nothing for the comrade to do but reply

"Have you been to the Breckinridge trial, colonel?" a bystander inquired.
"No, sir, I have not," he said, "and I don't want you to ask me any more impertidon't want your nent questions, sir."

I notice that Dr. James H. McBride, of Milwaukee, is at Wormley's. He is one of the eading experts in diseases of the mind in this country, and testified, if you remember, in country, and testined, if you remember, in the Guiteau trial. He has just been tele-graphed to hurry to Chicago to testify in the Prendergast case, but Dr. McBride has his family with him and doesn't propose to leave them. He has an immense sanitarium near Milwaukee, and besides taking the lead easily in his profession pockets a deal of money every year.

And by the way, according to an enterprising morning contemporary, J. H. McBride, of Milwaukee, was a hotel arrival at the Ebbitt as well as at Wormley's, and the question naturally arises at which hotel did he really arrive, or did he arrive at both? Did he go to the Ebbitt and then conclude that he preferred Wormley's, or did he go to Wormley's, conclude that he preferred the Ebbitt, and then go back to Wormley's, or was it all simply the usual exhibition of enterprise on the part of our rustling Texas friend, Eddie Smith, who knows everybody in town and finds them, wherever they are? All things considered, I suspect the enterprise of Eddie

C. M. Horton, of Boston, is at the Riggs. His right hand was kept busy all day yester day shaking hands with his numerous Washington friends. Mr. Horton was master of transportation under Gen. Benjamin F. But-

transportation under Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, and later was in the revenue service for a
number of years. His field was in the South
among the worst "imoonshiners" of the world.
There are hundreds of men who have worn
the stripes put on them by Horton. The
number of stills that he has destroyed add up
into the hundreds. He could scent a "wild
cat" like a hound could a fox.
He tells a story of how he was once saved
by a girl. He was in the mountains of Tennessee and had stopped at a moonshiner's
home to spend the night. He thought his
identity was unknown, and being tired he
went to bed early and was soon fast asleep.
About midnight a young girl woke him up.
She hurriedly whispered that he must get
away and that the men were then plotting to
kill him. She said men were congregated
down at the still a few hundred yards away.
She had saddled his horse for him and he
was standing ready at the door.
When the sun rose over the mountain
tops Horton was twenty miles from where he
had stopped to rest the evening before.

"Ever get full on Mexican mescal?" asked

"Ever get full on Mexican mescal?" asked John Hopkins, of Yslets, at the Howard yesterday, as he squared himself up against the cigar counter. "Well, then, don't you never. "A whisky drunk is bad enough for Americans, and as long as you are in your right mind my advice is to keep as clear of mescal as a Democrat does his platform. My first experience with the stuff was about eight years ago. I was introduced to it by a man

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morning I awoke with a taste in my mouth that it is impossible to describe. I kept away from bars and bottles.

"Along that night, twenty-four hours after I had the mescal, I began to get drunk, and before morning I was a rip-snorting. As the hours wore on the drunk increased, and my life was saved by some friend taking me to Chihuahua and placing me in a hospital.

"It was a week before I regained consciousness."

J. C. O'Connor, one of the bankers in Texas, s at the Arlington. Mr. O'Connor went to Texas a number of years ago when the Comanches were on the warpath and money

was as plentiful as green leaves in June. He hadn't been in the banking bu long before a New York sharper car and defrauded his concern out of \$25,000 but he had the satisfaction of having had hin captured in New York a few days later.

The thief never returned to Texas, because he committed suicide on the cars while the detectives were taking him back in that direction.

ECONOMIC APHORISMS.

When shall the king come to his own? Labra king, as it is creator of all material wealth. It is the complete reversal of nature to wealth to patronize labor. It is the hone patronizing the beel

It is the feudalism of the nineteenth centur where cunning and greed take the place occurage and physical prowess and law is the defensive armor. The primal right of a freeman is to the labo of his own hands and brains.

His second natural right is commerce, the ur axed right to exchange the work of his hand or the work of other hands. Associations of freemen, called nations, is fo the protection of these rights.

The first and paramount duty of any government, no matter what form it takes on, is the regulation of the commerce. The first step is to ward this is the creation of the thing calle "money," not necessarily digging it out of the ground or pledging itself to the allen and the foreigner, but by the creation of tokens of exchange between its individual creators and supporters. By this, and this alone, does it assume th power conferred upon it by freemen. It can be clearly shown that all other laws an regulations are for after consideration.

regulations are for after consideration.

A government that dares not levy a direct tator its own support dares not tax the rich man who, like the greedy chipmunk, has garnere more nuts than he can eat, but allows its constituent freemen to be not only taxed, bu swindled, by the money manipulator, and the transportation manipulator confesses its own lack of faith in itself in the intelligence of it industrial units, and worst, most fatal of all, confesses its lack of faith in the final supremac of right.

All money is fet. All money is flat, or commodity. For thirty years it has been treated as a commodity, and the strongest government on earth has been trading in it with the Jew broker.

Thousands are hollow-eyed and faint fo bread, while wheat has no buyers at 55 cents pe bushel. It is about time for a paternal government t begin to protect its own.

The fiscal farce of the last thirty years has be come a tragedy. It is a wise father who pay his debts twice over to the allen while his chil dren lack bread. While the President hesitates over the las financial "makeshift" Wall street is bobbing u and down like a cork in troubled water. What ever else the delay may indicate, it seems quis clear that Mr. Cleveland has no decided convic-tion in the matter, as no one has ever accuse-him of hesitancy in doing anything he wanted to do.

In the meantime while the \$50,000,000 of relie hangs fire, the final effots of March to sustain its old-time reputation has taken twice that muclout of the hands of the industrial agricultural

This country is still young, has much of experience yet to go through; but it is to be hoped that our representatives in Congress assembled who still have confidence in party lines and the prospective benefit of the multiplicity and complexity of law making, may not be rudely awak ened by so dire a calamity as agricultural failure, famine, to supplement the "national sin" o our present financial condition.

Tolstoi's Manuscript in America. Count Tolstoi is lamenting the growth o vicious tendencies in society and inbred sin in all countries. He was asked the other this respect. He replied:

this respect. He replied:

At any rate, not the Americans. To their credit must be put the immense national self-love, which cannot exist in an abnormal people. I one day wrote an article on America and the Americans in which I did not particularly overload the latter with flattery. Nevertheless I sent the manuscript over the ocean, thinking it would be accepted by any paper as eagerly as my other productions. Not a bit of it. The translator took it to fourteen editors without getting it accepted, and finally it had to be sent to England. Shields Lost No Arm. To the Editor of THE TIMES: "A Soldier" asks THE TIMES why Gens. Shields and Kearney are represented differently, both having lost an arm in the Mexican war. Gen.

any other war. At the battle of Contreras he was dangerously wounded in the lungs, but recovered so as to take part in the subsequent movements of Gen. Scott's army. At the battle of Winchester, in the late war, while opposing Stonewall Jackson, his left arm was broken by a fragment of a shell, but his arm was not ampu-

The Choice of Cars.
[From the Chicago Daily Tribune.]
"Madam," said the conductor, politely, "this is the smoking car." beyond Ninety-ninth street, sitting down with a sigh of relief, "I know it. That other car, I reckon, is the hog car. There's fifteen women standing up in the aisle." "Yes, sir," replied the resolute matron from

Sing me a song of the early spring,
Of the yellow light where the clear air cools,
Of the lithe willows bourgeoning

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes, Of the hellow fall of the nimble rill, Of the trolling rapture the robin wakes On the windy hill

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift, Of the vivid Maryland yellow-throat Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift From the rise remote.

Sing me a song of the crystal cage, Where the tender plants in the frames are set, Where kneels my love Armitage, Planting the pleasant mignonetta. Sing me a song of the glow afar, Of the misty air and the crocus lig

Of the new moon following a silver star Through the early night